**Notes Under the Bathroom Door**

Crystal Ruzicka

Nowadays

the minutes stretch uninterrupted,

the door unlocked,

slightly ajar...

the two-inch gap of "mostly private"

still; undisturbed.

The notes from the children...now grown...

come infrequently across phone screens

with abbreviated sentiments

ILY and TTYS...

chocolate covered fingerprints no longer

obscuring crooked hearts

in paper corners.

Now, I long for broken silence...

to be *ferociously* needed...

for small fingers wiggling under the doorframe...

For, "Hurry, Mama,"

and the joy in their eyes when I did.

Remember when? I ask

when they are gathered...

their own legacies now nestled

sleeping in their arms...

and suddenly, through our memories,

we hear the whisper

of paper on tile...

echoes of lives lived

through notes

under the bathroom door.